

TARIFF TALES.

IN an article on "The Political Novel," a contemporary remarks that already quite half-a-dozen Tales have appeared dealing more or less directly with the Fiscal Problem. These are but the first drops of the autumnal storm. Both the Tariff Reformers and Free Food Leaguers have engaged favourite authors to popularise their respective views, and *Mr. Punch* is able to append some specimens from works shortly to be issued:—

Sample I, from "Captain Peck's Picnic," by Mr. W. W. Jacobs.

"... After a voyage like mine, Mrs. BRIGGS," said Captain PECK, sentimentally, as his glance wandered round the comfortable parlour and settled itself upon the fair face of Mrs. BRIGGS' daughter, "it's a pleasure to sleep ashore again."

"And that," remarked young HOSKINS the coastguardsman, with frigid irony, "that's why you pay Mrs. BRIGGS for a room, I s'pose, when your boat—"

"My ship, young man," said Captain PECK.

"Your ship is lying in the harbour, and you might sleep aboard for nothing."

"Pre-cisely," said the Captain, scowling at his questioner. "To-morrow, Mrs. BRIGGS, I hope you and your daughter will come aboard and take tea with me. I've brought home a few things I should like your opinion of—tinned. To-morrow, and have a cup o' tea with me; I'll show you the things for certain."

Mrs. BRIGGS, however, declined the invitation. Ten minutes on the water, she said, fairly finished her up, and so far from being able to put food inside her it was, in a manner of speaking, the other way about. That day they sailed to Dormouth, FLOSSIE would remember.

FLOSSIE *did* remember, and cut the reminiscence short. If the Captain would not mind, she suggested, would he bring the tea ashore, and they could picnic on the beach in Farley Cove? The Captain could, and would. HOSKINS, not included in the invitation, left the *Lion* and went thoughtfully home. He had felt fairly certain of gaining Miss BRIGGS's affection until this humbugging Captain appeared, with his tales of incredible adventures in the South Pacific. Since then FLOSSIE had expressed her preference for "real sailors that didn't only walk up and down the cliff with telescopes," and the heart of HOSKINS was sad within him.

The picnic was a success, and Mrs. BRIGGS did full justice to the Captain's provisions—about the obtaining of which he told her new and even more wonderful tales. The party was just



AN IDYLL OF THE SEA.

thinking of moving, when HOSKINS came round a corner of the cliff.

"There are parties," observed Captain PECK thoughtfully to the horizon, "that must—actually must—put in their ugly faces where they're not wanted."

HOSKINS ignored this graceful sally. "A pleasant afternoon you've had, and lots of vittles—all from foreign parts, Cap'en?"

"Every bit," said PECK defiantly, "every blessed bit. Fourteen cases of tinned pine I got after that bust-up with the Esquiway Indians, and six chests of chocolate were given me by the chief—what did I say was his name, Mrs. BRIGGS? It's clean slipped my memory. Then there was—"

"That'll do for a start, Cap'en," said the coastguardsman, who had hastily been reckoning sums on a scrap of paper.

"The duty on these articles, under Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's new tariff, is three pound—fourteen—and seven, which I'll trouble you to hand over."

"What!" gasped the Captain. "D'you mean to say—"

"I do," said Mr. HOSKINS. "With your remarkable long voyage, Cap'en, you've forgot how things be altered since you was ashore last. Heavy duties on every blessed thing nowadays! Of course, if you *had* happened to slip into THIMMEL's shop about seven minutes to ten this mornin' and bought them pine-apples and stuff there, there wouldn't be no call for you to pay duty; but they being direct from furrin' parts, you see—"

"Exactly," said Captain PECK, with some haste, "exactly. A—a word with you aside, Mr. HOSKINS."

WOMEN I HAVE NEVER MARRIED.

II.

How quickly these impressions wane!
 I think—but would not like to swear—
 It must have been the *mise-en-scène*
 That drew me first to DI ADAIR;
 For I have sampled many a view
 Before and since, but never seen a
 More likely spot for Love's *début*—
 Take it all round—than Taormina.

Sheer crags above, and, sheer below,
 The shifting light on narrow seas;
 Southward the crater, crowned with snow,
 That swallowed poor Empedocles;
 Ruins of Roman play-house walls
 (Hellenic in their prime construction);—
 'Twas there, in two adjacent stalls,
 That we dispensed with introduction.

"O Isle of Greater Greece!" I thought;
 "O famous Syracusan shore!"
 For memory moved me, strangely fraught
 With little tags of classic lore;
 So that her air, full-blown and blonde
 (My fancy being somewhat flighty)
 Appeared to me to correspond
 Strictly to that of Aphrodite.

And yet a goddess over-ripe
 In the technique of Love his trade
 Seemed an invidious anti-type
 For so demure a British maid;
 Better that I should take the style
 Of *Ferdinand* (wrecked off *Girgenti*)?
 Who found *Miranda* of the Isle,
 A trusting girl of eight-and-twenty.

That lovely heroine's lot was cast
 Remote from men; and, much the same,
 Dear DI, it seemed, had had no past,
 But barely lived before I came.
 'Twas well! The warrior sort might choose
 Rivals to rout in open action,
 But I with my civilian views
 Preferred to be the sole attraction.

What might have happened I won't enquire;
 For Fate that guards my guileless head
 Summoned me home by instant wire
 Before the crucial word was said;
 And when, in London's giddier scenes,
 Once more we met I nearly fainted
 To find her not by any means
 The lonely chicken I had painted.

I that was once so nice and near
 Felt like a stranger far apart,
 Wholly unread in that career
 Which others seemed to know by heart;
 These were "her men"; I heard her call
 Their Christian names—Tom, Dick and Harry;
 Yet not a man among them all
 Had thought her good enough to marry!

No shadow, so I heard, had crept
 Across the lady's fair repute
 Explaining what it was that kept
 The voice of Matrimony mute;
 Her 'scutcheon bore no kind of blot;
 She had admirers brave and many,

But as to marriage—they were not,
 In vulgar parlance, "taking any."

'Tis true they whispered here and there
 Of one whom she declined to mate,
 Who took to drink in pure despair,
 And motored at a fearful rate;
 But, when I struck the rumour's track
 And made a near investigation,
 There was no evidence to back
 Her partial mother's allegation.

Slowly and with reluctant pain
 This doubt arose to give me pause:
Do girls of twenty-eight remain
Spinners without a cogent cause?
 Why should I risk to bark my shin
 Against the steps of Hymen's altar;
 Why, like a fool, rush madly in
 Where wiser men preferred to falter? O. S.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER II.

The White Rabbit's Character and his Relations with Rob.

If I frightened you very much by carrying you about in my mouth, and made you very untidy and rather damp, and if you knew that I had fully intended to eat you, and had, in fact, been prevented only by the opportune arrival of a little girl—well, I don't think we should be very good friends for the future. It was different, however, with the White Rabbit and *Rob*, the Labrador retriever. I am bound in common honesty to point out all the defects of my hero, and I may as well tell you at once that the White Rabbit was a most vain and conceited person. He never saw a girl of any kind without being convinced she had fallen hopelessly in love with him:

"I really can't help it," he used to say; "I don't *try* to make them fall in love with me. I didn't *make* myself beautiful: I was just born so, and anybody can see how I struggle against it all. It's hard lines on the girls, of course, because I always have said I'm not a marrying man, but what's a fellow to do when they absolutely won't leave him any peace? It's all very well for you"—this remark was addressed to *Rob*—"being only a black dog—"

"I beg your pardon," said *Rob*, with a cold politeness, "you said—?"

"'Being only a black dog' was what I said, and of course you are a black dog, you know, and you do bury your bones. Oh, I don't blame you for it, my dear Sir; it's instinct or inherited habit, or some nonsense of that kind, but, thank Heaven, we're free from it. Whoever saw a White Rabbit burying a bone? The very idea is ridiculous."

"Why, you fluffy fool," said *Rob*, who didn't at all relish these aspersions on dogs, "you long-eared fluffy fool, you never get a bone given to you. All you get is cabbage or lettuce leaves, or parsley, or a dish of bran."

"Perfectly true, my dear Sir," said the White Rabbit, "perfectly true. I don't *complain* of my diet. I hope I'm resigned; but what I want you to understand is this: that it isn't good table manners to bury a bone—you know you always blush crimson and look hopelessly confused when you're caught doing it—and that if they *did* give me a bone I shouldn't bury it. I should put it away neatly in a corner, that's all. But, of course, if you don't like the subject we'll change it. I hope I know what's due from me better than to give pain to anybody by talking about what he doesn't like. And if you don't like bones—"

"You bounding blockhead," said *Rob*, thoroughly annoyed, "who in the world said I didn't like bones?"



A DREAM OF GREEN FIELDS.

MR. PUNCH. "NOW, MISTRESS CHARITY, CAN'T WE MANAGE TO MAKE THE DREAM COME TRUE—JUST FOR A FORTNIGHT?"

[The Children's Country Holidays Fund is in great need of assistance. The Hon. Treasurer is the Earl of ARRAN, 18, Buckingham St., W.C.]



A DREAM OF GREEN FIELDS.

THE DREAM OF GREEN FIELDS. BY J. H. B. (A LONDONER.)

THE DREAM OF GREEN FIELDS. BY J. H. B. (A LONDONER.)



EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Wife (to Fitz-Jones, who, in trying to lay the cloth for the picnic on a windy day, has got among the crockery). "JUST LOOK WHAT YOU'RE DOING, ARCHIBALD!"

"As a subject of conversation, I was about to add, only you didn't give me time—but that's just like a dog. You're all too impetuous, much too impetuous, ever to succeed really well in life. You should try a little repose, my dear Sir, you really should."

"Repose be blowed," growled Rob; "all I know is that my nose doesn't move five hundred to the minute, like some noses I've seen."

"But your tail does, silly!"

"Oh, I can't stop here all day listening to your rubbish," said Rob, and off he went.

From this conversation it will be seen that, in spite of the *contretemps* which I related last week, the relations between the White Rabbit and the Labrador were quite amicable. The fact is that the Rabbit, being, as I have said, a remarkably vain and conceited person, never got out of a scrape by the help of others without becoming firmly convinced, on reflection, that he owed his escape entirely to his own surpassing ingenuity and courage.

"It's extremely lucky for you," he observed to Rob on the following day, "that I forced you to drop me when I did."

"Why what on earth could you have done?" asked Rob.

"Oh, I shouldn't have done *very* much, but it would have been most uncomfortable for you. I should first—let me see what should I have done first?—Oh, yes, first I should have bitten you through your ear, and then I should just have scratched your eyes out. You'd have been a blind dog, my fine fellow; and a blind dog's a pretty useless kind

of animal, let me tell you, especially a blind dog with a tattered ear."

"Well, you do take the cake!" was all Rob could say.

"But, mind," continued the White Rabbit, "I don't bear you any grudge. I'm quite content to let bygones be bygones. You can't help being a dog, and I suppose as you are one you have to act like one. Only, I think it right to warn you that if such a thing occurs again I shall have to deal with it severely. I can't afford to let you off again, my black friend."

You would have thought, after all this, that Rob wouldn't have cared to associate with so absurd a person as the White Rabbit; but, somehow or other, Rob couldn't keep away from him. While the Rabbit was hopping about on the grass in his little enclosure Rob was now always shut up, but when the Rabbit had been carried back to his hutch, Rob was let out again, and away he tore straight to the bars in front of the hutch and sat there gazing. "It's because I'm so attractive," said the Rabbit to the piebald cat. "Poor old Rob, we mustn't be too hard on him."

UNCOMMONSENSE.—A correspondent, writing to the *Western Morning News* on the public indifference towards the band that plays on the Hoe at Plymouth, recently asked: "Where else can you hear the music and see the Sound?" Mr. Punch believes he is right in saying that this effect is without parallel, even in the clearest atmosphere.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XXI.—HOLIDAYS.

SCENE—Cook's, Ludgate Hill.

PRESENT.

*Lady Jeune (in the Chair).**Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P.**Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.**Mr. St. John Brodrick, M.P.**Mr. Will Crooks, M.P.**Sir Alfred Harmsworth.*

Lady Jeune. At this most opportune season, when liberty seems at last to be within the reach of so many, we are met to decide upon the most suitable holidays to take.

Mr. Will Crooks. Margate.

Lady Jeune. The most suitable for all varieties of people.

Mr. Will Crooks. I said Margate.

Lady Jeune. And in order that we may be assisted a little in our arduous discussion I have brought with me the current number of the *Ladies' Home Magazine*, in which the same subject is canvassed by some of the most illustrious of our contemporaries.

Mr. Will Crooks. They can't beat Margate, I'm sure.

Lady Jeune. I see, for example, that a noted wig-maker prefers solitude. A Devonshire cottage eight miles from the nearest station is his choice.

Mr. Balfour. My choice would be a Devonshire cottage eight miles from the nearest wig-maker.

Mr. Chamberlain. Why take holidays? I want no holiday.

Mr. Brodrick. How will you spend the time?

Mr. Chamberlain. I intend to devote part of it in a head-to-head visitation of the Oswestry district, to examine voters' bumps.

Mr. Balfour. It is quite true. The only way to rest is to change one's work. I am beginning my vacation by presiding over the British Association at Cambridge. After that, the links.

Mr. Crooks. And how will Mr. Chamberlain spend the remainder of his vacation?

Mr. Chamberlain. I have lately become rather interested in the question of reforming our fiscal system. Probably I shall be inquiring into that possibility during the recess.

Mr. Brodrick. It sounds a dull subject. Have you been at it long?

Lady Jeune. I see that Mr. WILLIAM WHITELEY is in favour of the prettiest spot in England, the best possible weather and "the company of seven friends that I love the most."

Mr. Balfour. Very idyllic.

Mr. Chamberlain. A little exacting, perhaps.

Mr. Brodrick. Why seven? Why not eight?

Mr. Chamberlain. Has any man seven friends?

Lady Jeune. Surely the allowance is not excessive for a Universal Provider.

Mr. Brodrick. Yet what an odd number!

Mr. Balfour. And what is the prettiest spot in England?

Mr. Crooks. Margate.

Lady Jeune. Anywhere but Westbourne Grove, probably.

Sir Alfred Harmsworth. Continuous cricket is the best holiday. I am giving all my young lions bonuses on their runs. Of bowling we think nothing on our paper; but five shillings a run is freely offered. No bowling performance can ever get a word, however "meritorious."

Mr. Brodrick. There are, of course, grouse. As one once sacrificed a cock to Æsculapius, so it seems that the legislation cannot now enter upon a period of leisure without first sacrificing a grouse to Hygeia. But it is not my pleasure. I have no ambition to bring down a bird with both barrels of a Lee-Metford.

Mr. Balfour. I did not know you shot birds with Lee-Metfords. But I seldom read the Sporting Papers.

Mr. Brodrick. Oh, well, with a Martini-Henri then; it's all one. My idea of a holiday is a hammock.

Lady Jeune. It is also, I see, Miss IRENE VANBRUGH'S. I observe that the Chief Rabbi urges travel in Switzerland and the Tyrol, with interspaces of rest and reading.

Mr. Balfour. This counsel must come as balm indeed to the toilers in Whitechapel.

Mr. Crooks. My constituents go to Margate, and don't read.

Lady Jeune. A famous complexion specialist, for example, favours a sketching tour with kindred souls in a gipsy van. But that, of course, would not suit all.

Mr. Brodrick. Not me, certainly.

Sir Alfred Harmsworth. A motor gipsy-van might not be bad. A 60-gipsy-power van would be very lively.

Lady Jeune. I note that a Mr. BURGIN advocates the Canadian pine woods; but for a man with only a fortnight at his disposal that advice is not too practical. Even in these days of ocean whippets, I doubt if one would reach the sanctuary before it was time to return.

Mr. Balfour. After the British Association meeting is done I intend to take a sleeping draught, warranted to keep one comatose for three months.

Mr. Chamberlain. How odd! My intention is to remain wide awake all the time.

Lady Jeune. How, then, have we decided that holidays shall be spent?

Mr. Chamberlain. Each in his own way.

Mr. Crooks. At Margate.

CHARIVARIA.

THE final report of the Census of 1901 has just been published. At that date there were 97,383 insane persons in the country. It is appalling to think that this number was reached even before the Passive Resistance movement was started.

It is announced that electric trains will soon be running on the Metropolitan Railway, and that in the meantime the stations and tunnels are to be made more attractive. This, no doubt, accounts for the rumour that Portland Road Station will shortly be bedded out with choice flowers surrounding fountains of *eau-de-Cologne*.

The St. George's Circus obelisk is to be removed after all. We are not surprised at the opposition against which the proposal has had to contend. There is about an obelisk something so dainty and fanciful that we believe there is nothing else in the British ideal of art so successfully attained.

"The day of art-finds is by no means over," says the *Art Journal*. This may be true, but the visitors to the last exhibition of the Royal Academy certainly had little luck.

Sir W. P. TRELOAR having written to the *Daily Mail* to mention that a German waiter in reply to his request for a whisky and soda brought him a *Whitaker's Almanac*, Mr. ST. JOHN RAIKES mentions a much more fortunate incident. He asked for a *Bradshaw* and received a brandy and soda. Personally, we know of a case where a gentleman asked for a gin and bitters and they brought him a policeman.

A paper for smokers has made its appearance. Seeing how cheap matches are nowadays, we should have thought it scarcely necessary.

The cry of "Wake up, England!" has reached Norfolk. The Norwich Athletic Association is the donor of a medal, to be competed for at the Sheringham Harriers' Sports in a four-mile walking handicap, "for the first boy home under 18 years." It certainly seems a long time.

All sorts of reasons continue to be given for the emptiness of the churches. Some say it is due to the inferior quality of the sermons. On the other hand, as

a parson points out, how can you expect a good sermon from an over-worked cleric? It must not be forgotten that when laymen are sleeping clergymen are at work.

An actress defending the stage, in the columns of the *Express*, against the "faked woman" charges brought by Miss MARIE CORELLI, declares that "in actual life the actress is even more natural than the average woman." Miss CORELLI never said anything so cruel as that.

Is gallantry dying out? Several newspapers headed an item of news last week, "A Woman Burglar." We may be old-fashioned, but we prefer the more courteous expression—"A Lady Burglar."

At Charenton, France, the first number of a paper edited and printed by inmates of the lunatic asylum has made its appearance. We have reason to believe that several such papers have been published in England for some time past without acknowledgment of their origin.

On Friday last Mr. REGINALD VANDERBILT gave a dinner at Sandy Point, at which all the male guests had to wear old straw hats in various stages of dilapidation, while their partners donned sun-bonnets. Nothing quite so delightfully *chic* in freak entertainments has taken place for years in America, and Mr. VANDERBILT is the hero of the hour.

The Russian Volunteer cruisers *Peterbury* and *Smolensk* are now returning home. They have had an enjoyable, exciting, and expensive cruise.

It is felt that Mr. Chamberlain is seriously prejudicing his chances of success with the labouring classes by promising them more work.

It is also looked upon by many as a tactical blunder that Mr. Chamberlain in his Welbeck speech, which was delivered on the hottest day of the year, should have promised cheaper food instead of cheaper drink.

China's troubles are not over yet. It is the opinion of his Excellency KANG YU WEI, the leader of the Chinese Reform party, that the English political system of Party government could be applied to China.

"I have been trying to smoke a cigar ever since I was eight years old, and I haven't succeeded," says T. P. in *M.A.P.* We would respectfully suggest to Mr. O'CONNOR that he should try a fresh one.



A POINT OF VIEW.

"ENGAGED TO JACK! WHY, YOU'RE THE FOURTH GIRL HE'S BEEN ENGAGED TO THIS SUMMER."
"WELL, DON'T YOU THINK THERE MUST BE SOMETHING VERY ATTRACTIVE ABOUT A MAN WHO CAN GET ENGAGED TO FOUR GIRLS IN ABOUT TWO MONTHS?"

DOG POLICEMEN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was much interested in an article appearing recently in the *Daily Mail*, entitled "Dogs as Policemen." It describes how, in Belgium, dogs are being trained to detect thieves with the accuracy of a *Sherlock Holmes*. I am not a bit surprised! A vocation for police duties is inbred in many dogs. My own little *Fido* (lately deceased) was a case in point. His speciality was to protest against the frantic speed of motor-cars, bicycles, &c., and to warn their owners that they were exceeding the legal limit. How this marvellous dog obtained his knowledge of the fact that they were transgressing the law is altogether beyond me, but so it was. My house is near a much-frequented high road, and at every hour of the day *Fido* would fly out and bark

violently at the "scorchers" who passed. Alas! he fell a victim to his own intelligence and zeal, which reduced him to the semblance of a pancake.

Yours scientifically,
"SPECTATOR."

"GLORIOUS" GOODWOOD.—The *Daily Telegraph* seems to have been the only paper to record a spectacle (apparently encored) which is unexampled at this Royal meeting. It tells us that—"The Royal party drove up just before the first race, and this again included the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, Princess Victoria, and the Duke of Sparta."

A WARNING word may spare us blows,
So, all you pirate crews,
Just leave alone our P. & O.s.
And mind your P's and Q's.

IN OR OUT OF THE MOVEMENT?

(A Saturday to Monday Meditation.)

As a worker and dweller in London, and as always interested in every variation that "week-ends" away from the work-shop may offer to the toiler, it seems to me that the greatest change obtainable, with fullest value for money, in the least possible time at the farthest distance away from the madding business crowd, is the objective of all who, loving life, would see good days and reposeful nights. If, for you, variety hath charms, then will you find it in all sorts of shapes and forms—and the forms are various with a vengeance, at Brighton, where you will find yourself in the space of one hour from town; and however out of sorts you may be (and this applies to quite forty-eight persons out of fifty) good Dr. Brighton will pull you through and set you on your legs again.

There Sunday offers any amount of attractions in drives, steamboats, music on the pier, music in hotels (first-rate band at the Métropole, by the way) and plenty of lounging. Far be it from me to recommend anything "shady," even in these tropical times, but for coolness, comfort, and quiet the Royal York is hard to beat. Brighton gives you the very business of pleasure. Of Margate much the same may be said; ditto as to Ramsgate, whose new Pavilion, properly managed, may yet be numbered among the attractions and improvements. For the upper crust on the upper cliff, far away above the yellow sands, whence the gods aloft can look down on seething humanity below, there is the Granville in all its glory, with a promenade and a band-stand, but whether the bandmen are there every evening this deponent cannot state with accuracy. All along the S.E. coast are places lively as Variety Shows, suitable for the majority in search of amusement and distraction on Sundays.

But go round the corner of England, south east, and down south to a seaside place that can be reached, express, in a few minutes over two hours by the L. & S.W. R., and, for perfect rest—compulsory rest, mind you, which you take upon yourself voluntarily—commend me to Bournemouth. Saturday and Monday, and every working day in a summer week, Bournemouth is blithe and gay. Steamers are running hither and thither, wagonettes, coaches, gardens with music, excellent bands on well-appointed pier, concerts, donkey-riding, *al fresco* refreshments, clowns, niggers—in fact, everything that is considered by the majority as constituting a 'appy 'oliday, is to be found, at its best, at Bournemouth.

But every Saturday night, long before the stroke of twelve, bands, lights, cocoa-nuts, niggers, donkey-boys, and all things and people that make quiet life impossible, vanish as if by magic, not to be heard of or seen again till Monday morning.

Any visitor from London who may need absolute quiet for his Sunday outing will get it at Bournemouth, where, aloft on the heather, on the sandy cliffs, or among the shady forests of firs, he will find (except perhaps for the interference of occasional insects) perfect rest.

There are, it may be freely conceded, some trains should he want to visit the neighbourhood: or, likewise, there are vehicles for hire. But if he would slumber to music, there is no band, no concert, not even of "Sacred Music" (at least, so I gather), in any public garden. Would he be invigorated by the sea-breeze fanning him aboard ship, and behold the pleasant line of coast, he must be, and indeed ought to be, content with sitting at the end of the pier, fancying himself on a steamer, when by a stretch of imagination he can realise to his mind's eye pictures of the coast far out of sight round the corners east and west. Sunday papers arrive late from town, so he will not be worried by unnecessary news.

He can sit in the pleasant Bath Hotel gardens enjoying the Mediterranean-like sea view, or in the public gardens

he can meditate or read. He can stroll down to the delightfully situated hostelry at Branksome Chine, yclept "Branksome Towers," beloved by our PHIL MAY, and there, with invigorated appetite, he can lunch or dine *al fresco*. At Bournemouth on Sunday there is no four-horse coach, no horn blowing; I saw no motors, nor heard raucous cries of journal-vendors. I fancy that even for the Salvation Army, with its brass bands and enthusiastic perambulating choir, Sunday is a day of peace and quiet at Bournemouth. To many the prospect of such a total change is deterrent, but to not a few, among the wiser visitors, the Sabbatarian observance of Sunday, just for once and away (away, of course, on the Monday), is a boon for which Bournemouth deserves a fairly discriminating boom.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

(Dedicated to Richard Strauss.)

In the orient air of autumn, fanned by Mareotic fires,
Where the stately salamanders curtsey to their sacred sires,
I beheld a wondrous vision, mirrored in the asymptote,
Of nostalgic Rosicrucians branding the *scoldscabroto*.

Plants of hypodermic basil on the margin stood arrayed;
Elfin hordes in anticlimax bathed in seas of marmalade;
And the obstinate allurements of the arrogant bassoon
Lent a silken iridescence to the mediæval moon.

Leaders of these lurid revels, GARIBALDI I espied
With a shoal of pterodactyls prancing gaily by his side;
Phuphluns, the Etruscan Bacchus, Gorboduc and Skanderbeg
Rompings in divine confusion with the late Miss KILMANSEGG.

Goliardic cachinnations soon athwart the welkin rang,
Parasang in diapason booming unto parasang,
Till the saturnine Colossus, joining grimly in the fray,
Passed in oval ululation far beyond the Milky Way.

Then the myrmidons of Argos, mounted on their hippogriffs,
Swooped in semilunar squadrons from the Dalecarlian cliffs,
Plunging their empurpled poniards in the bosom of the brine,
Till the minarets of Moscow sank into the Serpentine.

Oh, the rapture of the conflict, when the Corybantic crew
Clashed in fulsome adulation on the shores of Gillaroo!
Paladins of saintly presence, poets of seraphic quill—
HANNIBAL and BARBAROSSA, CALIBAN and BORADIL.

Suddenly the mist grew denser and the peacocks hove in sight,
Peacocks of peculiar flavour, kidnapped from the Isle of
Wight,

Waving with impassioned gusto tails of elephantine girth,
While they sang, in plaintive accents, songs of agonising mirth.

But the oriflamme of Elba could no longer be defied,
And the satrap of Sahara claimed his long-forgotten bride,
Merging with supreme expansion, in the crucible of Hell,
Holocausts of *hara-kiri*, hecatombs of asphodel.

So the vision waned and vanished, and I found myself alone
On the crest of Cotopaxi, in the Hanseatic zone,
Cantillating with an unction never paralleled by man,
Since the Balearic buglers scaled the heights of Matapan.

ANSWER TO ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT.—We beg to inform someone who kindly sent in a joke "which he didn't think had been made up to the present moment," that the "Hotel for Lawyers," in connection with the name of RITZ, was perpetrated about the time when the well-known Hotel-raiser commenced, only that it took the form of "Advice to an intending speculator in Hotels, warning him of RITZ being out against him."



A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

Jimmy. "DADDY! WHEN TOMMY JONES AND I WERE DOWN BY THE WATER, WE CAUGHT A LARGE CRAB, QUITE SO BIG, AND I WASN'T THE LEAST BIT FRIGHTENED! I TOOK IT IN MY HANDS, ALL BY MYSELF!"

Daddy (who knows Jimmy's fear of crabs). "REALLY, AND WAS THIS TERRIBLE CRAB ALIVE?"

Jimmy. "N-NO, DADDY. BUT IT WAS ALMOST ALIVE!"

DIFFICILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI.

[Many people wonder why the Upper Ten figure so prominently in present-day British drama. In *Le Temps* Mr. A. B. WALKLEY suggests as the explanation that only men of means and leisure can afford the luxury of a grand passion.]

THERE'S a wish I've always had to be very very bad
And to emulate DON JUAN with the sex,
For I feel that I could make every bit as good a rake
As the dissolute TOM JONES or giddy QUEX.
I would cultivate the passion in the very finest fashion,
And elope with lots of other people's wives—
Had my income but permitted, I've a soul exactly fitted
For the gayest and the wickedest of lives.

But whenever I aspire to a questionable fire,
When particularly tempted to elope,
Say, to Margate or Southend, with a charming lady friend,
I am suddenly compelled to crush my hope;
For alas! my circumstances do not warrant such romances,
And my chief would look unutterably black,
While Maria would discover that her gay and gallant lover
Was an unromantic person with the sack.

How I envy lucky chaps—in the Albany, perhaps—
Who address their cringing valets thus: "You dunce!"

Pack my Gladstone bag! Make haste! There is little time to waste;

We are leaving for the Continent at once."
Now if I presume to cherish such delicious dreams, they perish
At the prospects which await us poorer men.
It's a very prosy pity, but I've got to reach the City
Every morning as the clock is striking ten.

Thus with every wish to shine in the gay Lothario line,
And with every inclination to be bad,
Fate is one too much for me, and the sad result you see—
I'm the very mildest person to be had.
On a Sunday you will find me, with my little ones behind me,
Strolling virtuously over Walham Green.
Ah, how few would guess the hunger of this pious ironmonger
For the joys of a forbidden might-have-been!

THAT the disasters of the War are being literally "brought home" to the inhabitants of St. Petersburg is shown in the following tremendous item of intelligence, extracted from a *Times* leader of August 4:—

"The question of winter quarters for the Russian Army had not hitherto been regarded as urgent, but we are suddenly informed from St. Petersburg that General KUBOPATKIN has issued orders for the removal of the 'useless civilian elements' from that town in order that winter quarters may be prepared there for his troops."



SAD RESULTS OF PERSISTENT BRIDGE PLAYING AT SEA.

Owner. "I'LL 'AVE IT TO YOU, PARTNER!"

CRICKET BY CONTRACT.

ACCORDING to a contemporary, the very existence of local cricket is seriously threatened by the deplorable selfishness of cricketers, who do not scruple to cry off at the last moment should some superior attraction present itself.

The following form of agreement will, it is hoped, go some way towards diminishing this serious evil.

This Indenture made on the day of 1904 between JOHN JONES of 1 Buckingham Palace Villas Balham in the county of Surrey Gentleman (and hereinafter called the Skipper) of the one part and SAMUEL SMITH of Chatsworth Cottage Brixton in the county of Surrey aforesaid (and hereinafter called the Trundler) of the other part

Whereas a cricket match has been arranged and is shortly to take place between the athletes of Balham (carrying on business under the style and firm of the Balham Early Closers) and the athletes of Upper Tooting (carrying on business under the style and firm of the Upper Tooting Wednesdays and Saturdays) And Whereas the said Trundler has assured the said Skipper that on a

certain day to wit the first Monday in August in the year of Grace 1903 he did dismiss two batsmen and no more of the opposing team and numbered in the scoring sheet respectively ten and eleven (and which statement the said Skipper hereby binds himself to believe to the best of his ability) at an average rate of ten runs per wicket by bowling or otherwise propelling the cricket ball in such a manner that the said ball turned or twisted round the legs of the said batsmen and which style of propulsion is hereinafter called a Googley And Whereas the said Skipper relying on such representations as aforesaid has requested the said Trundler to aid and abet him in compassing the defeat of the said Upper Tooting Wednesdays and Saturdays And Whereas the said Trundler has agreed to so aid and abet him

Now This Indenture Witnesseth that in pursuance of the premises the said Trundler hereby covenants with the said Skipper that at 11.30 o'clock on the day appointed for the said match he will duly and punctually attend at a certain hayfield containing by admeasurement about 3 acres 2 roods 1 perch (and

commonly known as the Upper Tooting Wednesdays and Saturdays' cricket ground) arrayed in proper clothing that is to say one pair of grey flannel trousers one shirt of flannel or linen one pair of white canvas shoes with nails spikes or other steel points in the soles thereof one cloth cap and one blazer containing such colours only as belong to the uniform of the said Balham Early Closers And This Indenture further witnesseth that the said Trundler will at such time or times as to the said Skipper may seem fit proper and right bowl propel or otherwise deliver such Googleys as aforesaid with intent to get the batman bowled caught stumped or otherwise dismissed And This Indenture further witnesseth that he the said Trundler will not allow himself to be prevented from performing the premises by reason of Tennis Tournaments Ping-pong Parties Bicycle Gymkhanas Boating Excursions Weddings (whether his own or Another's) or Dancing Classes hereinafter to be called Superior Attractions but by the said Trundler described as the obsequies of his Grandmother Aunt or other distant Relative.

In Witness whereof &c.



INTERNAL DISORDER.

GERMAN EMPEROR. "MY POOR FRIEND!" RUSSIAN BEAR. "IT'S NOT ONLY THE FIGHTING --
THOUGH THAT'S BAD ENOUGH--IT'S THE AWFUL PAIN INSIDE."

GERMAN EMPEROR. "AH! THERE I CAN'T HELP YOU. I'M TROUBLED A LITTLE IN THAT
WAY MYSELF."



INTERNAL DISORDERS

THESE DISORDERS ARE OFTEN THE RESULT OF A DISORDERED STATE OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM, AND ARE CHARACTERIZED BY A VARIETY OF SYMPTOMS, SUCH AS HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, NAUSEA, VOMITING, DIARRHOEA, &c. &c. THE TREATMENT OF THESE DISORDERS IS OFTEN DIFFICULT, AND REQUIRES THE ASSISTANCE OF A PHYSICIAN.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOSY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 1.—Bank Holiday, and a rare summer day. The mighty multitude of London out enjoying itself. Hampstead, Kew, Epping Forest, cricket at the Oval, Richmond Park at its best, all thronged with holiday folk. Only at Westminster work goes on as if JOHN LUBBOCK had never been. As matter of fact, taking both Houses together, this so-called Bank Holiday is the busiest day of the year. Licensing Bill in the Lords, Vote of Censure in the Commons, filled both Chambers.

Viscount PEEL moved amendment to Licensing Bill establishing time limit.

Some present to-night under ample wing of LORD CHANCELLOR, having, still in chrysalis state, sat in Commons when, just twenty-four years ago, ARTHUR WELLESLEY PEEL was called to the Chair, remember the brief speech he made in acknowledgment of his election. Heretofore his personality little known to average Member. Recognised as one who had filled subordinate Ministerial office. Had never caught ear of House by ordered speech. Now suddenly brought under the fierce light that beats on Speaker's Chair, the eloquence, dignity, lofty independence of his address created pleased surprise.

During the eleven years that followed, impression then made was sustained and deepened. To-night the Lords had

opportunity of hearing a speech hereditary in its simplicity, its loftiness of moral attitude; equal to, if not exceeding, the eloquence that marked the

speeches of the statesman whose highest aspiration was that he should "leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labour and earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—a name remembered with expressions of goodwill when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice."

As nearly sixty years ago the father devoted his rare capacity to the welfare of the working-man in the matter of food, so to-day the son, putting on harness again in time of well-earned rest, throws all his energy into effort to deliver the horny-handed one from the thrall of drink.

In the Commons C.-B. comes up fresh and smiling with quite a new vote of censure. No expectation of turning out Government, even at this eleventh hour. There were some three dozen Free Fooders on Ministerial side known to be ready to put principle before party. If they carried their convictions to logical conclusion they would support C.-B. in his expression of "regret that certain of His Majesty's Ministers have accepted official positions in a political organisation which has formally declared its adhesion to a Policy of Preferential duties involving the taxation of food."

They all shared the regret; COUSIN



THE THREE JOE-VIAL HUNTSMEN. (WELBECK EDITION.) No. II.

"THEY HUNTED, AN' THEY HOLLO'D, AN' THE NEXT THING THEY DID FIND
WAS A RUSTY, MUSTY GRINDLESTONE, AN' THAT THEY LEFT BEHIND.

LOOK YE THERE!

ONE SAID IT WAS A GRINDLESTONE, ANOTHER HE SAID 'NAY,
IT'S NOUGHT BUT AN' OWD FOSSIL, THAT SOMEBODY'S BOLL'T AWAY.'

LOOK YE THERE!"

["I propose to put such a duty on flour as will result in the whole of the milling of wheat being done in this country. . . . This trade, which to a certain extent we have lost, will be revived."—Mr. Chamberlain.]



THE THREE JOE-VIAL HUNTSMEN. (WELBECK EDITION.) No. I.

"THEY HUNTED, AN' THEY HOLLO'D, AN' THE FIRST THING THEY DID FIND
WAS A TATTER'T BOGGART, IN A FIELD, AN' THAT THEY LEFT BEHIND.

LOOK YE THERE!

ONE SAID IT WAS A BOGGART, AN' ANOTHER HE SAID 'NAY;
IT'S JUST A BANKRUPT FARMER, AN' WILL SURELY GO OUR WAY.'

LOOK YE THERE!"

["I do not believe that I have to preach to the farmer."—Mr. Chamberlain.]



"DIOMED AND GLAUCUS VOW TO AVOID EACH OTHER HENCEFORTH IN THE FRAY."

HUGH expressed it in a speech coruscating with wit. If they followed C-B. into Division Lobby they would reduce Ministerial majority by 72. That would bring it to dangerously low figure, with inevitable conclusion of leading C-B. to Treasury Bench. So they heroically resolved to take a middle course. Whilst lamenting PRINCE ARTHUR's falling away they could not vote with him; whilst approving C-B.'s protest, they would not support him.

Some, like ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, stopped away, thus freeing themselves from all temptation; others, like COUSIN HUGH, walked out when the Division bell rang. Thus it came to pass the Government have what in these days is reckoned a rattling majority of 78.

Whilst a good send-off for Ministers on eve of holidays was thus gratuitously provided, Opposition didn't even gain anticipated advantage of making things hot for PRINCE ARTHUR. Awkward enough they were, with DON JOSE on one side and the deep sea of Opposition on the other; the former making fresh

effort to rope in his right hon. friend, the latter insisting on knowing what are those views and convictions which PRINCE ARTHUR reiterated he had more than once defined. PRINCE ARTHUR ignored DON JOSE's trap. He looked with wondering, almost incredulous, gaze at the Opposition still wanting to know.

"I have," he said, "over and over again declared my opinion, defined my position, on this fiscal question."

"What are they?" inquired matter-of-fact Member opposite.

PRINCE ARTHUR sailed along as if the question had been addressed elsewhere. Sat down without having by a phrase committed himself.

When the late Mr. G. did not want to reply to an inconvenient question, he made answer in a multitude of words that left the inquirer so bewildered that before he could return to the matter the next business was called on and opportunity had fled. PRINCE ARTHUR achieved the same end by the same way, but in varied fashion. He spoke nearly an hour on the burning

question of the day, in the hearing of an intensely interested audience, and he said nothing.

Business done.—Vote of censure negatived by 288 votes against 210.

Tuesday.—"What, all my pretty chickens?"

C-B., murmuring MacDuff's inquiry, stopped short of the last word in the line quoted, lest in the circumstances it might lead to misunderstanding. With the Scotch Church in fresh state of disruption it would never do for the Member for Stirling District, under whatever provocation, to be suspected of using an undesirable expletive.

Truly the situation extraordinary. At this epoch common enough for Leader of House to announce the dropping of certain measures in Ministerial programme, found impossible to carry through before Prorogation. Never was such holocaust as to-day. Twenty-one Bills chucked overboard. On some, such as Scotch Education, Port of London, and Aliens Bills, much time spent. Had it been concentrated on one, its passage assured; distributed, labour is lost.

PRINCE ARTHUR in gayest spirits. Seems rather proud than otherwise of distinction achieved. Jokes with Welsh Members without defficulty. One item in the list is a Whales Bill. Welsh Members, not catching the aspirate, want to know what this has to do with Wales.

"Whales," said the Premier nodding cheerfully; "w-h-a-l-e-s, inhabitants of the deep."

"What a shining light he would have been at Dotheboys Hall!" said the MEMBER FOR SARK. "You remember the spelling lesson there?" "Spell winders," said Mr. SQUEERS, to one of his boys. "W-i-n-d-e-r-s," whimpered the boy. "Right," said Mr. SQUEERS; "now go and clean them." "Spell Whales," Mr. SQUEERS would have remarked to PRINCE ARTHUR had his early youth been spent in the Yorkshire seminary. "W-h-a-l-e-s," would have been the unflinching response. "Right," says Mr. SQUEERS; "go and catch one."

Business done.—Government Bills dropped like hot coals. PRINCE ARTHUR, going a-whaling in holiday time, means to wind up business at earliest possible date.

Friday.—The MEMBER FOR SARK, who has been reading the *Life and Letters of Cowell of Cambridge*, just published by MACMILLAN, is delighted with passage in letter dated 1847, written by FRIZGERALD to the then young student.

"That is a noble and affecting passage," he writes, "where Diomed and Glaucus, being about to fight, recognise each other as old family friends, exchange arms, and vow to avoid each other henceforth in the fray."



GROUSE-DRIVING UP-TO-DATE.
A SUGGESTION FOR THE LUXURIOUS.

Whilst acknowledging the difficulty in the reference to old family friendship, SARK discerns in this reminiscence of the Trojan War analogy to the relationship now existing between PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ. The vow henceforth to avoid each other in the fray he regards as particularly felicitous. On the question of fiscal reform DON JOSÉ flies one flag, PRINCE ARTHUR another. They are as wide apart as whole-hoggers and half-hoggers. Fighting is going on all round, at Oswestry and elsewhere. But these, having exchanged arms, "avoid each other in the fray."

"And which is *Diomed* and which *Glaucus*?" I asked.

"Well," said SARK, "you remember it was the masterful *Diomed* who, in the exchange of armour, secured the golden suit, leaving *Glaucus* to put up with one of common iron. As they say to this day in places where they talk in proverbs, *Glauci et Diomedis permutatio*."

Business done.—Welsh Coercion Bill in Committee.

ANSWER TO (MANY) CORRESPONDENTS.—Of course it was CLAUDE LOWTHER, not CLAUDE HAY, who, during the all-night sitting, accused WINSTON CHURCHILL of suffering from an attack of Beri-beri. In writing his "Diary" published last week, TONY, M.P., confounded the two—of course not in the offensive sense of the word. It is the worst of the persistent sunshine of that fortnight. The tendency to make Hay was irresistible.

FIRST-AID FEROCITIES.

I PROTEST I am a mild man, and an inoffensive, but if it were not for that silk handkerchief and umbrella I should certainly take legal proceedings.

I had been dining with my old friend JONES, who always does you well, and at ten o'clock, being an early man, I started homewards. Some half-dozen young men were walking ahead of me, and I noticed that each one carried a little book. All at once I slipped and fell, though whether orange peel or banana skin was the cause of my downfall has never been made clear. In any case, I hit the back of my head against a lamp-post and lay groaning. The young men immediately returned and clustered round me, but they prevented all my efforts to rise, and one with an exultant cry of "Epilepsy!" dropped on his knee and thrust his little book in my mouth. My impotent struggles at this outrage were interrupted by the remarks of one of his companions, who had me by the right leg: "Lie still—don't attempt to move," he was saying, then, turning to the others, he observed:

"This is really a most fortunate occurrence—I do believe he's broken his leg!"

At this they all opened their little books, and began hurriedly turning over the pages.

"Does that hurt you, my poor fellow?" he inquired, giving my calf a frightful pinch.

Considering the position of the book the eloquence of my reply was really creditable.

"Ah—as I thought," he exclaimed triumphantly, "a comminuted fracture of the tibia. JODKINS, old man, turn to fractures."

JODKINS rapidly skimmed the pages of his book and began reading.

"Compress the femoral artery and apply a tourniquet." No—that's the wrong place. Ah! this is better—"Apply a splint from hip to ankle; a



POLICE NEWS.

"BROUGHT BEFORE THE BEAK."

stick or umbrella will do.' Here's an umbrella, and here's a silk handkerchief for a bandage."

At this they proceeded to attach the umbrella to my person, and half choked as I was, and still dazed by my fall, I was like a baby in their hands. At this point another young man stooped over me, and poking his thumb viciously in my left eye pressed back the eyelid.

"You're all of you wrong," he cried excitedly. "This is a case of laudanum poisoning; his pupil's no bigger than a pin. Here, take some of this, my poor chap." And so saying he removed the book and substituted the mouth of a bottle in its place. Mistaking it for a stimulant, I took a copious draught. Faugh!—let me draw a veil over the next few minutes.

"Capital!" cried the young brute. "Now we'll walk you up and down to work off the poison."

"You'll do nothing of the sort!"

cried JODKINS with some heat—"when we've just set the fracture successfully. Leave him alone, will you!"

They were proceeding to high words, when a gruff voice exclaimed:

"Now then, what's the matter here?" and a stalwart constable thrust my tormentors aside and peered into my face.

"He's in a fit," cried one; "it's this hot weather!"

"Thirty weather, you mean," retorted the policeman with offensive significance.

"It's laudanum poisoning, I tell you!" cried another.

"Alcoholic poisoning," replied the policeman, with a sneer; "and a night in the cells is all the treatment he requires." And with that he took me by the collar. There was a magnetic element in his touch that endued me with the desperation of a maniac. With a yell I sprang to my feet, upsetting the constable, who, I was pleased to notice, carried three young men with him as he fell.

I may affirm, without exaggeration, that I covered the half mile which lay between me and home in one minute fifty seconds. Safely locked in my own vestibule I discovered the umbrella still adhering to my person by means of the silk handkerchief, and, as I before remarked, were it not for the fact that both articles are of excellent quality, I should certainly take legal proceedings.

THE GAME OF "AVERAGES."

THIS popular game is played very much like the old-fashioned "Cricket," but with a different motive. In the game of "Cricket" each player's object was to win the match, but in the new game—"Averages"—each player plays solely for his own score, the result of the match being immaterial.

The following points, in which "Averages" differs from "Cricket," should be observed.

When running byes, or for a hit of your partner's, do not exert yourself unnecessarily. By judicious running endeavour to monopolise inferior bowling, and in the same way avoid the attack when it is of a specially deadly nature. If you want to be "not out," you should avoid the bowling altogether.

If it is a question between drawing the match and winning it by taking risks, take none. Think of your average, and play the game.

The Strenuous Age.

First City Blood. Busy at your place? *Second C. B.* Well, not generally; but I am, awfully. Just been in Paris for a month to arrange about my holidays.

THE RECORD OF A SHORT HOLIDAY.

IV.

Que faire? What indeed!

The sympathetic man, in the blouse, and the despondent man, myself, in the blues, face one another; but, not a word have we to say. Suddenly my companion recommences shouting "*Madame! Madame!*" and again, in a hopeless spiritless fashion, like a half-hearted echo, I follow him. Let us shout by all means. It is a relief to the feelings. But that is all. No response; not a sound; not a murmur; not the faintest murmur of a whisper. This Babe, masculine, in the wood has lost the other Babe, feminine; and, as my fancy recurs to nursery rhymes like *Bo-Peep*, I am utterly at a loss and "don't know where to find her."

Sudden inspiration! The remainder of the *Bo-Peep* verse is "Leave them alone, And they'll come home" (home does not nowadays rhyme with alone, and perhaps it never did) "And bring their tails behind them." And when my wife does come home (i.e., to the Hotel) she will bring her tale with her; and then I shall learn what, in the meantime, had become of the *brebis égarée*, who, for aught I know, may be regarding me at this moment as a *brebis galeuse*.

But how account for the bags, the four stout and, when all together, the unportable-for-one-feminine-person bags! They could not suddenly develop legs, as in a goblinish fairy tale they would have done, and offer themselves to my wife as guides who would pilot her to the hotel? My brain must be becoming a trifle disordered, or how could I, at such a crisis, even imagine so absurdly grotesque a situation. Let me be reasonable: let me re-arrange facts. Let me consider the matter as quietly as the (strong epithet) flies will permit. Also I must ignore the irrepressible man in the blouse, who, when not regarding me with sympathetic sentimental expression of countenance, is suddenly beating the air with his cap, while under his breath he invokes maledictions, in *patois* untranslatable, on the already thrice accursed insects.

That my wife could have carried all four bags by herself, and could, so laden, have walked to the hotel, is utterly impossible. If she had walked to the hotel, she must have passed us; we must have seen her. If any *porteur* had carried the bags, we must have seen him.

What the * * *. I bang the flies in impotent rage, and could almost dance with vexation.

Sympathetic little man in blouse shouts to a woodcutter who is just emerging from the forest. He tells him the story. No; woodcutter shakes his head, shrugs his shoulders; he has not seen a Madame with bags. "Ah," he corrects himself, "but he has seen a Madame without bags. She has just passed," he points to a side path; "*elle allait à l'hôtel.*"

Man in blouse delighted. "*C'est Madame!*" he exclaims, triumphantly. I can only hope so, as, if it be not, then my wife must be still in the forest waiting for me!! *Allons!* It is past nine o'clock!!!

Buoyed up by hope, we step out bravely.

Suddenly, as if it came to us, not we to it, the hotel is before us! It is the marvellous scene in the old story of *The Enchanted Forest* repeating itself. The hotel, with all its life, its dinners, lights, and hum of (not of flies, thank Heaven!) conversation, is suddenly opened out to me. But where is my wife? Advancing with open arms is my friend JACQUES ROBINSON, while at the corner of the verandah stands his daughter in earnest conversation with a lady, and that lady is—My wife! *Bravissima!* Dance of joy, and return to partners! And the four bags?—there they are on a truck. Three cheers! A *bon pourboire* to my friend in the blouse. He is sympathetically *enchanté*, he is beaming. He congratulates me, and retires.

"And how," I begin my inquiry after the first expansive

moments of our joyful re-union are over, "how on earth did you—?"

"I'll tell you," interposes a lighthearted, genial gentleman in a grey tourist suit, of whom I remember having inquired the way when I met him in company with some bicyclists. "After you left us I saw my friends to Paris-Plage, and then returned, by the short cut through the forest, to Le Touquet."

"It was the path we took," interposes my wife, turning to me, "on leaving the tram."

"And there," continues our lighthearted acquaintance, "in the middle of the short cut"—this sounds as if he were talking of tobacco—"I found your wife and the bags. I introduced myself, then hurried on, secured a porter with a truck—and here we are."

I thank him most heartily. After this, we are formally introduced. He is Captain SHERINGTON of the Nothing-in-Particulars.

"And now," JACQUES ROBINSON commences heartily, rubbing his hands together, as if he were washing them clean of all responsibility for our difficulties "now—"

"The dinner is ready, when you please," the excellent *maitre d'hôtel*, Monsieur CHARLES, informs us, interrupting JACQUES R. "It was commanded for 8.15; it is now 9.20."

In ten minutes we are at table, dining *à fresco* under the broad spreading roof of the verandah of the Hôtel du Touquet, enjoying a dinner as well chosen and as well cooked as you could wish for wherever you might be. And the scene!—charming!

If ever there was a good dinner well earned, it was this; and if ever to enjoy aforesaid dinner there were two grateful travellers, they were, on this occasion, Orpheus and Eurydice reunited, or the Babes in the Wood, well out of it.

And let me add, as a moral, for the benefit of compatriot travellers, bathers, and golf-players, who appreciate thorough change of scene, of company, and of mode of life, and who have a fancy for spending a holiday at a genuine health resort which is, at present, free from many of the trammels that conventionality imposes upon the majority, let me recommend this same Le Touquet. Such holiday-makers may arrange to start from Charing Cross at 10 A.M., or at 2.20 P.M., in which latter case they will be dining *à fresco* within five hours of their start, and, as I hope, blessing this tipster for the suggestion. But, remember, Le Touquet is not yet completed. Therefore wire beforehand to inquire whether you can be accommodated, as, should the place be held by native forces coming from Paris and elsewhere, you will be crowded out, and will not invoke blessings on the head of this present well-intentioned adviser.

"This place," observes the Franco-Scotch Baron HAMISH DE SEPTÉTOILES, addressing JACQUES ROBINSON DE CRUSOE, "is beginning to be known."

"*Ça se voit partout,*" says JEAN JACQUES, waving his hand in the direction of the guests at the various tables, who are now postprandially enjoying the solace of tobacco in various forms.

"Quite so," returns Baron HAMISH; "but I have been specially struck by the appearance here of two Eastern gentlemen who have come from Constantinople for a tour in France. There they are," and he indicates two tourists in grey suits (the verandah is electrically lighted, so that everybody is as clearly distinguishable as in broadest daylight), each wearing a fez, leaning back in their chairs, evidently content with what they have received, and peacefully puffing the fragrant weed, quite satisfied with their present state of semi-somnolence.

"They are Turkish merchants, uncommonly wealthy," explains Baron HAMISH.

"The short stout one—I can't recall his name," says JEAN JACQUES.

Baron HAMISH knows. They are his friends.

"The shorter of the two—they are both very stout," says Baron HAMISH, "the shorter is ABDUL; and the heavier and bigger one is ABDULLAH. They are unspeakable Turks. They won't say two words the whole evening, though they can talk French perfectly, and both speak English with facility."

We are introduced to ABDUL and ABDULLAH. They rise, salute gravely, and resume their chairs.

The conversation flows; neither ABDUL nor ABDULLAH is to be drawn into it, not even by the artful Baron HAMISH, who constantly refers to the pleasant time he spent in their company when at Constantinople. The Baron mentions some side-splitting incidents in which both ABDUL and his brother ABDULLAH have apparently taken prominent parts. The Baron tries to draw them out. He turns to ABDUL.

"It was a very comic scene, wasn't it?" he asks pleasantly of ABDUL. ABDUL bows gravely.

"Yes, it was," he replies in English, and turns his head slightly towards his brother.

"Yes," says ABDULLAH solemnly, and both resume their cigars.

So we sit out in full view of forest and in hearing of the sea, telling stories, all of us, and vainly trying to draw out ABDUL and ABDULLAH.

It is time to retire. The Turkish brothers rise gravely, and courteously salute us.

"Good night to you, Sir," says ABDUL.

"Bon soir," says ABDULLAH.

Then both resume their seats. Next morning, at the same table, we find them in the same attitudes, smoking the same sort of cigarettes, after breakfast.

"Good morning to you, Sir," says ABDUL, courteously inclining.

"Bon jour," says ABDULLAH, gravely.

While we are at our first *déjeuner* of chocolate (excellent) and coffee, with the lightest possible bread and the most delicious butter, a carriage has arrived to fetch the inseparable and unspeakable Turks to Etaples *en route* for Paris.

L'addition is politely handed by the unobtrusive ROBERT, *garçon-en-chef*, to ABDUL, who, exhibiting no sort of interest in the matter, regards it, indolently, for a minute, then passes it on to his brother.

"Est-ce juste?" inquires ABDUL, sleepily.

"Parfaitement," answers, after a minute's pause, ABDULLAH. Whereupon ABDUL rises leisurely and places himself in the *voiture*. ABDULLAH looks up at him, as if about to make a suggestion, but ABDUL has closed his eyes to business and is calmly smoking as he reclines in the carriage. We fancy we hear a slight sigh escape from ABDULLAH as he produces the necessary money. Before he has replaced the purse in his pocket the waiter has returned. Dapper *maitre d'hôtel* and the *garçon-en-chef* run down to wish them genially *bon voyage*, expressing hopes of seeing them both again.

"Bon voyage, mes amis," shouts cheerily Baron HAMISH, in bath costume, from the balcony aloft.

ABDUL looks up, and bows to him with gravest courtesy.

"Mille remerciements," he murmurs. Then, casting a glance round at us, he adds, solemnly, "Au revoir, mes amis!"

ABDULLAH, who is now seated at ABDUL's side in the *voiture*, merely raises his right hand with utmost gravity, and utters the single word, "Salut!"

Then the coachman cracks his whip, and within another two minutes they have disappeared down the long avenue.

"Sure such a pair —" commences JEAN JACQUES.

"They're no fools, those two wise men from the East," observes Baron HAMISH, "but they are not lively companions; and one is more deadlily lively than the other."

"Then"—this occurs to me as a happy thought—"their godfathers and godmothers must have foreseen how they

were going to turn out when they called one 'Ab-dull' and his brother 'Ab-duller.'"

9.15 A.M. We must quit Le Touquet, to catch the midday boat from Boulogne.

Not to be compelled to return immediately to work in London, but to let ourselves down gently, as it were, after our perilous adventures and delightful experiences at Le Touquet, is indeed a very great point; therefore is it with gratitude that we remember how there is always Open House for us at Ramsgate, which haven of intermediate rest (*en route* for London) we will reach as soon as possible. So after debarking from the Boulogne boat we lunch at the Pavilion Hotel close at hand, and thence do we proceed to catch the small *Myleta* (not twenty minutes' walk from the hotel to landing-stage), which, under the command of Commodore SHARP, with Chief-steward MACDONALD to see to the comforts of the passengers, departs from Folkestone at 3.15 and lands us at Ramsgate ere the clock strikes six. Thus finish we our open sea-air cure without recourse to train. And so ends the record of a short and very pleasant holiday.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Tavern Knight, by RAPHAEL SARATINI (GRANT RICHARDS), is a stirring romance that recalls the broad effects of DUMAS. The character of the *Tavern Knight*, himself the hero of the story, is singularly original; as is also the motive of the plot. There is a scene between *Cynthia*, a charming heroine under the first influence of love, and the roystering Cavalier in the prime of his manhood but worn by hardship and rendered desperate and callous by treachery, which, in its way, is quite a masterpiece of descriptive writing and dramatic dialogue. There is not a dull or commonplace chapter in the book, and though some exception may be taken to the strain put upon the conversation where the *Tavern Knight*, pleading the cause of an unworthy lover, is supposed by *Cynthia* to be speaking for himself, yet must the improbable situation be accepted for the sake of the excellent results. The reader who once takes up this book will not easily put it down until he has learned the ultimate fate of the reckless, warm-hearted, much-enduring *Tavern Knight*.

"Happy Thought (for Publishers). When nothing better to do, bring out a new pocket edition of SHAKESPEARE." This idea seems to have struck Mr. HEINEMANN, who has commenced a series of *The Works of Shakespeare*, under which title will of course be included Sweet William's poems and any other little trifles that he, from time to time, may have dashed off. The Baron is in possession of four volumes (two in each pocket) of this work, to which he hopes to give some portion of the time allotted to him during his most welcome vacation. "Why, 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vacation?" (*vide* FALSTAFF, 1 Hen. IV., 1, 2.) The Baron ventures to substitute "a" for "o" in "vocation," which substitution is a possibility that was present to the mind of the Universal Genius.



Correction.—In last week's Booking Office the Baron sees that "Major BROADFOOT" appeared in print as "Major BROADFUL." The gallant and sportsmanlike Major writes from his *piéd à terre* in Cumberland to draw attention to the error, and the Baron, unwilling to offer any lame excuse, hastens to restore him his "foot" whole and entire, *in toto*, and ready for active service.